BloodLip

It can't hurt you if you don't think about it

DOO WOP SUICIDE

Fuck
u Tyler

"this book is to be neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, for death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it"

—all quiet on the western front

The tools in hand evaporate
into vapors and I am the fog.
I use my bathroom only to purge solids,
They can move past my body—
like ghosts, like mist—
Mom says, "it must be the wind."
Thinking back to the day I met you and you asked
if I was really going to kill myself,
hot scarlet tears, running down my face,
floating when there's no skin left to hug
and I become the girl you saw once
but never could pick out from a crowd,
and my name,
more bones than I am,
plays with your tongue and I laugh,
you almost hear me and I am proud of that.
You have no idea who I am,
or what I've become.
I flush my solids down the toilet,
and I become the fog.

her sweater collection

To mend the thread becomes
Another invitation to rip out loose ends

Where her only company
Is the gelid wind piercing her bare skin,
A sweater is what it was, and all it has ever been.

Never more and never less

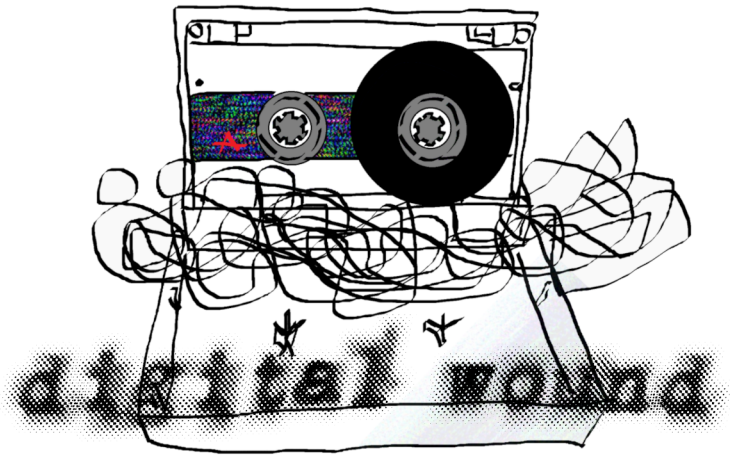
Left defenseless against the deluge of residual weapons
Yet consenting to the flood of this null repast
Just like the field of snow she treks through,
So cold and vast in shape and size
A disguise to craters below the surface of eyes

She’s beautiful…

But all she can see is the body she wears
The one her sweater won’t fit on,
It rips and tears

Until she’s praying that somebody hears her cries
Or that it was all just some horrid dream she had that night.

Written by my friend, Tyler, the type of person who claims they have no talent, just to blow you away with something you wish you wrote.



It can't hurt you if you don't think about it

I'll shout your name,
but only so it won't disappear,
I'll wipe your frame,
as your corpse hides in that place again.

It can't hurt you if you don't think about it

I have pictures of your son you'll never see,
The siblings who joined you,
All jumping like lemmings just after,
had to tell you what became of your children

You can't hurt me if I don't think about it.
You can't hurt me.

Second Hands

It's 3 a.m. It's the latest one these dates have started. You're not the type to still be in the city this late, but work's been slow. Plus, you find Lea nice enough to stay awake for. So you sludge through your umpteenth cup of coffee and keep your tired eyes on hers.

She says she doesn't live far. She asks if it'll take long once we're there.

"Of course not! Just a few minutes."

"So... How long have you been doing this for?" She asks.

You've had this conversation so many times, the line between casual small talk and morbid curiosity twists together until they end up a confusing mess in your head. The details of what exactly your job is—the hows and the whys—you're sure it makes sense for them to get as much of the story as possible. Still, you can't help but feel othered with every innocent concern slung your way, as if your talents hold an inherent taboo. The way you see it, you can't be all that bad. They came to you, of course.

"You don't think the Chicken Parm was too overdone, did you?"

After a whole day of work, the fact that you're walking to her apartment kills you. Lea goes on about the food while the city under your feet grows more and more numb. If you were honest, you'd tell her how you'd never eat at a place like that if you were paying, but she seems particularly passionate, so you let her go on.

"Their pasta sauce was the shit growing up," Lea says.

She says it out loud, but to herself, as if she was reciting a memory. One old enough to be rusted over with age. Maybe it helps speaking them aloud? Maybe it makes them real, you think.

"She used to take me there when I was little."

"For what occasion?" you ask.

"Anything really. Birthdays, Graduations. Hell, just when we'd be in town, she took us. There never was a reason, I think she just needed an excuse to eat Chicken Parm and not set her kitchen on fire."

Lea laughed a laugh that you hear every single night. These dates end and they take you home. They tell you about whoever, be it a mother, a lover, or child. This always happens to you on these dates. You smile along and pretend to care. You don't go home proud of yourself, but it doesn't change the fact that these people mean as much to you as the check is fat. Lea paid you nine-thousand dollars tonight. Lea's the most beautiful paycheck you've ever laid your eyes on.

Lea leads you out of the city towards a neighborhood you've never seen. Each house is decorated with its own roof balcony, and in a city where most people don't have running water, that's pretty damn remarkable. Your feet backpedal as you stare into their windows. You see your face reflected in the glass and whip back to Lea, who's walking some feet ahead of you. As she goes on about the time her Grandmother took her to Disney-whatever, you zone out at the back of her head. You wonder if she's afraid of you.

The two of you reach the doorway at the end of her block. You zone out again and come back to

realize she hasn't moved from that third step in...

how long have we been here?

Both her hands are strangling the doorknob. You're not qualified for this part, are you? No. You never were. Not a person like you. You creep around the city, praying for people like Lea. People so fucked up in the shitter, they actually think of calling a person like you. You rub her shoulder anyway.

"Of course, I can just go. It's *still* up to you," you start. "But if this is what you need to move on..." You were almost confident there, but now it's gone. You're left staring at a woman so red in the face, she could pop at any moment.

"You can do this!" you say, and it's too aggressive. Your hands lunge at her shoulders and she backs up several feet. She feels the doorknob pierce her spine and she jumps around to check before looking back at you.

"You can do this," you repeat a little softer. You're talking from your wallet and part of you knows this, but another part honest-and-truly wants to see Lea get what she wants. And why not? It doesn't take anything away from you to do it. In

your heart of hearts, you know she's being scammed.

Her living room walls are painted orange and your feet are touching the ugliest green carpet you've ever seen. There are no pictures hung up, no paintings. Not a hanging shelf in sight.

This woman lives in a pumpkin, you think.

Your shoes aren't even off yet and already, the smell is shadowboxing your nose. Where the hell is it? It's usually the bedroom. You've never asked why, but you count your blessings that you don't have to do it someplace really fucked up.

Haven't done it in the basement. Your thought sounds confident and final. You must not know your own luck.

"Alright," you say and clap your hands. "Where is she?"

You start unpeeling down to your red tee shirt while lingering in Lea's doorway. When you look up, she's in your face.

"I'm sorry, let me get that," she says.

She disappears up the stairs with your things. You're more than happy to give yourself a private tour, shuffling through the mostly empty

living room. A house this big to be this empty, you wonder how long they've been here for. You rub your handprint into the closet door, exposing its icy blue finish through the dirt.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

The noise from upstairs sends you back to the doorway. Hell, you're ready to grab your boots and take off. Forget the coat and the pretty lady and the ugly goddamn pumpkin house. You check your phone and a picture of the skyline glows from your fist. At this point, it's two in the morning and you have another job request coming in, but by the time she's back down, you catch a glance at her nine-thousand dollar smile and without you thinking, your boots slip from your fingers.

"She's in here," she says. "There's a bathroom just past the kitchen. No, not that door! The other one."

For fucks sake, of course it's the bathroom.

This job was supposed to save you, or at least, that's what they told you. Isn't it? The booze brings a bode of confidence and the deeper you sink

into intoxication, the louder those thoughts become. You think yourself a god, don't you?

When Lea joins you down into the kitchen, she's in a white bathrobe and her hair is down. She flicks the door open, letting it hit the oven, and there she was. Lea's grandmother was lying in the dry bathtub. There was a thin white sheet draped over most of her, but you could still see her glazed-over eyes peeking out, and the maggots. Christ, how long had she been here for? Grandma was dead, but that wasn't the part eating away at your chest. She's dead. She's supposed to be dead. That's why you were called. But as you slip the covers off as delicately you can, panic sounds off like a bomb. It's the sound that politely slips it to you: "dipshit! You're not supposed to be here. What in heaven's name are you doing with a naked old woman? It's two in the goddamn morning! You don't do this this late, do you?"

Lea moves from behind you, feeling her brush past you, she leans over the tub and grabs the corpse's hand. You don't dare get that close to the smell. You drop the sheet around the dead woman's chest. You only need to look her in her eyes—lord

above, hell below—why on earth would you *want* to see that? As you release the sheet, you can feel Lea's eyes cutting panicked daggers. So you're extra careful with the body. Your reward for this is your knuckles grazing the body's chest and a renegade maggot climbing your fingers. You jerk the bastard away and take the whole sheet with it, spilling from the tub, all over the floor.

"Ah, uh...S-sorry," you say, sputtering your words out like a bad transmission.

You look up at Lea so your soul can take a break. Her honey brown eyes seem to be stripping themselves of their color by the minute. You see the way her lips quiver and stretch, the way her folded hands spun circles into the rim of the tub. Most of her bathrobe has unraveled and she does nothing. Not once does she look away from her grandmother rotting in her tub. With nowhere else you could possibly look, you stay on her face.

"Well?" She says.

Well, you think. *There are colonies of larvae eating at your granny's breasts. Her jaw's dented inward and the blood behind her. God, the blood.*

"She's all here, so this shouldn't be a problem," is all you say.

You look into the woman's eyes and prepare your incantation. The harsh fluorescent lights flicker in morse code and you feel Lea wrap herself around you. The lights blank out completely and Lea's grip on you fades. Everything fades. The Orange walls, the green carpet, the tub, all gone. The only thing left in your focus is the dead grandmother. Her eyes roll around, as if looking for something. Her pupils steady, dilate, and focus themselves just over your shoulders. You don't look. You know what your job is, just look into her eyes. Only reviving people halfway, only to look away. You've done it once before, and they're still trying to put the fires out. Just focus and don't mind the incessant tap tap tapping against your shoulder. It's only nothing so long as you look into her eyes and say your incantations. It'll all be over soon.

The taste of copper under your tongue is the first thing you notice when you come to. Everything's blurry and you see spots. You drunkenly stumble around for anything to lean on,

and when you grab the towel rack, it's torn from the wall. You land on your back and you lie there until everything clears up. The pulsating lights flood the room and then clear it, shining at you like strobe lights. Everything comes back just as you're back up, and lurched over the tub.

The old woman is out of focus. You blink hard and it clears. The bottom part of her face is still bent in the wrong direction, but she turns her head and keeps at it, circling the air with her feet. Up and down. Around. Her head turns again, finding some comfort in the dry tub.

"She's fine," You say defeated. "We'll need to get her out that tub so we can rinse those fuckers down the drain."

There's nothing beside you but cold air, maybe a draft. You help yourself up and make your way through the kitchen.

"Lea, hello? Hey, so she'll most likely be out till Wednesday. Don't freak out if she's not up and moving around right away. It takes time."

The kitchen is empty and so is the pumpkin living room. You glance at the blue closet door and your handprint is still smeared into the closet, but

that's all there is. The thought that maybe you've done it wrong flip-flops in your head. Perhaps you skipped a line, or what about the wording of the incantation itself? You play with the idea for a quiet minute until you hear the thumping again coming from the second floor.

You slip your boots on before climbing the steps, although you're not sure why. The last human thought that passed you by was how warm Lea felt holding onto you. Really warm, like she'd been microwaved and wanted you to touch it. Her nine-thousand dollar smile never faltered, but you feared her anyway.

Halfway up the steps, your phone pings and you thank God for the distraction. It's a new job request. Seven miles on the other side of town, a man just lost his wife. Judging by the pictures he's just sent you, you expect him to be kicking the age of eighty's front door open any day now. You don't even want to know how old she was, it makes it hard on your blood pressure, but it's part of the job, so you scroll to the next message. It's a picture of the couple at the beach. He looks three decades younger than the man in the first picture. You shoot

you, robeless and a red baseball bat in her hand. If you could see her, you'd panic at the way her naked body melts into the floor like sunbleached fruit. But you can't see her, it's just you and the boy. And when you feel the wood hit your teeth and your body pushes every step like a xylophone, soon, you can't see anything at all. It's dark and this time, you don't come out of it. Weeks later, when they find your body, you're still reciting that incantation, days after they found the kid lying in the wreckage and pulled him out. The paramedic that pulled you out has checked you for a pulse sixteen times. Nothing. But the more the gibberish bleeds from your mouth, the more he feels like jumping from the ambulance and leaving you for the driver.

You're not usually out this late, but Lea's nine-thousand dollar voice is still playing in whatever consciousness you have left. So you stay awake for her. Just stay awake for her.

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2007 6 30

my honest reaction

Journal Entry
April 27, 2025

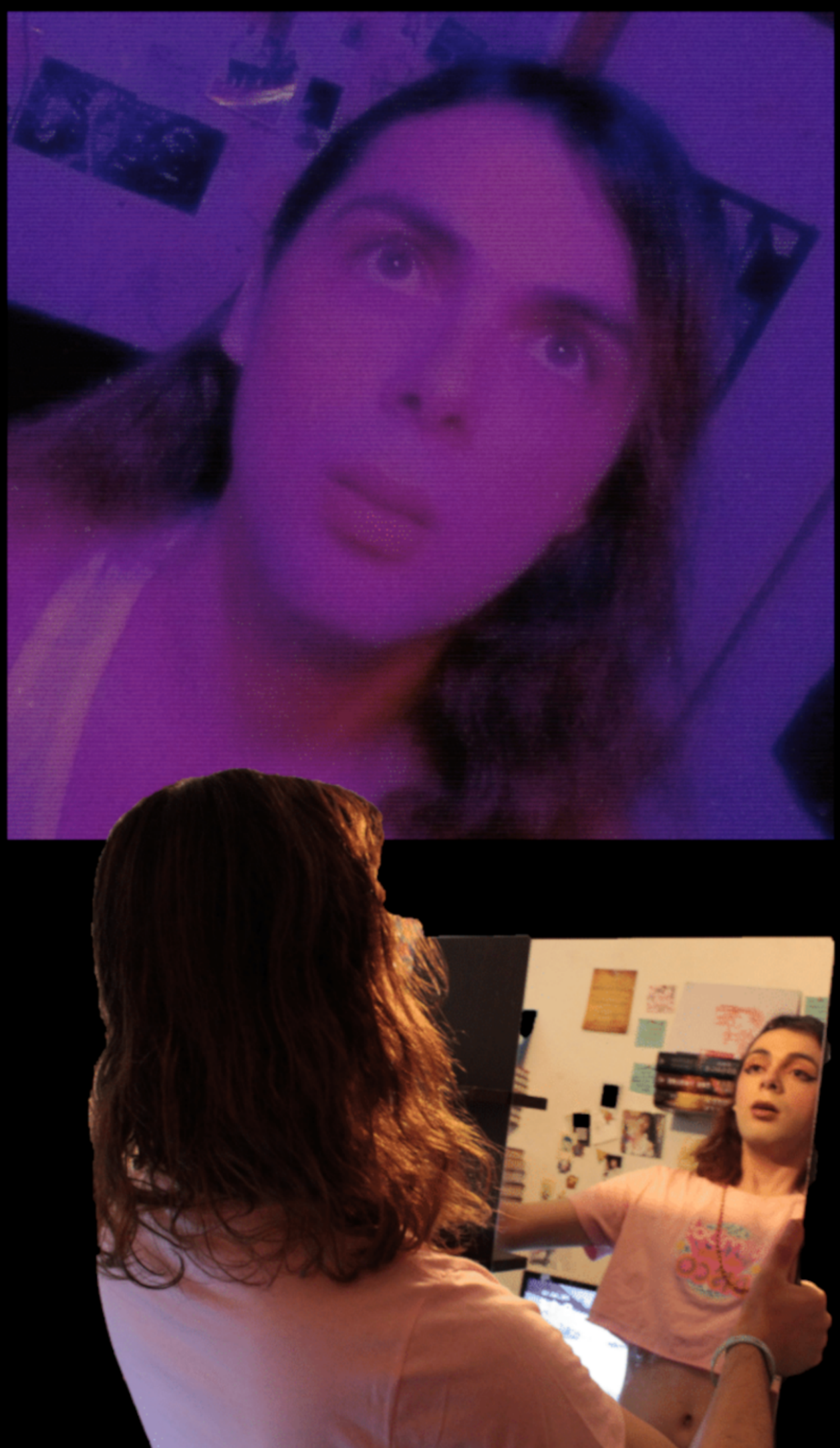
After a full day of wandering with my camera, Tyler and I make it towards Primark. The corner of 11th and Market is flooded with empty faces, they either push past me or don't move fast enough. Only three seconds, and I'm already feeling swarmed. I make it a few feet past the Primark before spinning around.

"Let's go in here," I say.

I lose Tyler behind me the moment I come to my senses. An old man holds the door open with his crutches, Tyer pushes past me, I stop to say thank you. When the man lets go, the door stays open.

The door was an automatic. Tyler walks back and grabs me, laughing while he pulls me forward. We almost make it to the door that leads to the mall, Tyler catches up to me, and taps my shoulder again.

When inside, I dance backwards up the escalator and lose Tyler again, a song I heard this morning buzzes in my head, drowning out reality. When I realize where I am, I see Tyler still at the bottom of the escalator.



"It's funny that we're best friends, seeing how different we are." I hear Tyler say.

I shuffle back down the first few steps and wait for Tyler so we can jump at the same time.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Tyler gestures his hands up and down my body. My curls ribbon down my back, hugging the pink crop top I've been wearing all week. I look down at the skirt I motivated myself all morning to wear. Tyler chuckles again, walking past me. I'm sitting back inside myself again.

"Look at you," he says.

I could live here forever,
dying in her light-purple sweater.
Be it here on a stage,
so that the rest could see it.
Before the scene’s lost, repeat it,
it’s act three and I’m still here,
singing her play of surface level defenses
until her clothes tear from my body.
What's left is every word you never told me.
They’re all beautiful,
but the seats are empty
and what remains is a single stagelight,
so I speak to it
as if me and this light have loved
and been loved in blinding exposure.
I could live here forever,
speaking our love language,
and I stutter like it’s my first time.
The light says nothing and stares,
we stand there until the theater ignites,
and I, and her sweater become the clouds.
I realize we are together at last,
but the spotlight still lives
in the rubble of what was,
or what could have been.
How romantic.
I could live here forever.

100 Days

You were dead—the day I met you,
back when everything was cherry flavored
and smelled like sun-bleached asphalt.

Your funeral reminds me of the summer,
or cable reruns.

There are late-stage August nights like this
when—even at the Cinderella hour of midnight
I can still feel the sun boil the skin off my back.

Every summer reminds me of death and longing—
My bare feet skid blood across the hot street.
I have wild dreams of getting lost in death,
But it's better if you do.

the doo wop suite.do

playlist

A good playlist is an art I wished more people appreciated. If your friend doesn't have strings of tight, hyper-specific themed playlist... What the fuck do you do all day, play with your prick in silence? Please. The importance of the mixtape will never die. I am the DJ of Death. Heed my needlepoint.

songs to make the passing more pleasant:

1. Obstacles by Syd Matters
2. Time Adventure (From "Adventure Time") by Olivia Olson, Niki Yang & Hyden Walch
3. no words by dodie
4. Metamorphosis by Amalee
5. El Dia De Mi Suerte by Hector Lavoe and Willie Colon
6. Pet Sematary by Ramones
7. In The Mourning by Paramore
8. Wish You Were Here by Pink Floyd (NSP Cover)
9. End of The Road by Juice Wrld
10. The Last Goodbye by Markiplier

Obstacles

If you haven't played Life is Strange, experienced the death of your childhood friend (twice), knowing there's nothing you can do about it... SHAME ON YOU! Life is Strange first. The mid-2010's indie sadness will follow on its own. Just remember, if you don't kiss Chloe, it's because you're homophobic.

Time Adventure

This song is here specifically because of that live performance. You know the one I'm talking about. We all cried with John DiMaggio. That damn Rebecca Sugar! <3

no words

I have this saved as an mp3 on my phone. It shouldn't have as deep of an effect on me as it does, but just know I could've put literally any dodie song on this list.

Metamorphosis

Just know I listen to far too much Amalee. It doesn't even fit the vibe, but eat me—make your own damn playlist! V Tuber songs help the transition, baby!

El Dia De Mi Suerte

Growing up Puerto Rican is the act of tasting the incredibly vibrant sadness of seventies salsa music. No other group of people can make dying feel like a celebration. ¡Baila mi gente! It's almost over, anyway.

Pet Sematary

Sometimes, dead is better.

In The Mourning

A song that reminds me of waking up to a bomb blast and shrapnel. I remember waking up after months of losing fights. I remember waking up to the stinging feeling that the world had changed. You could feel it in the air. It's lighter, and it makes you nauseous.

"And it takes all my strength not to dig you up, From the ground in which you lay, the biggest part of me, You were the greatest thing, and now you're just a memory, To let go of"

Wish You Were Here

Don't be a dork. Listen to the Ninja Sex Party cover, then drink one or two mixed drinks. Now, bug your friends with your glorious backing vocals.

End of The Road

If this doesn't play at my funeral... Avenge me.

The Last Goodbye

This song genuinely made me emotional when In Space With Markiplier came out, and every time I tried to explain it to someone, I felt like a dork. But come on, "Oh, we're going down in a blaze of glory, One tragic end to a million stories" should be written in the scrolls. I still have chills.

BLOOD PULP #1

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